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TIMPANOGOS



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TIMPANOGOS

Wonder Mountain

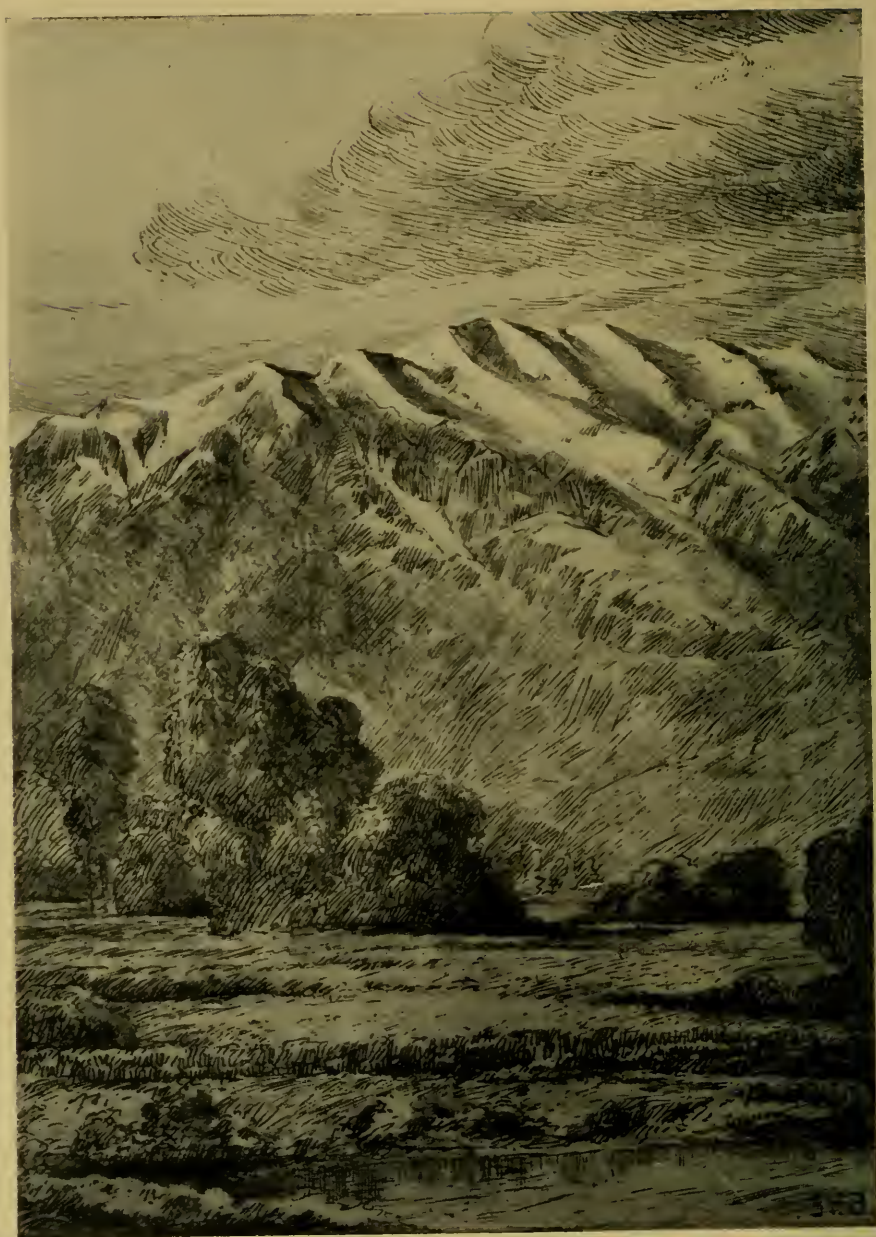
TO MT. TIMPANOGOS

Child of the earthquake, featured by time,
King of the Wasatch, majestic, sublime,
Chieftain of Nature calling to art,
Boundless the raptures thy glories impart.

Emblem of progress, symbol of thrift,
Reaching for sunbeams and holding the drift;
A joy to behold thee, Mount of the West,
But, Oh, to ascend thee; to stand on thy crest!

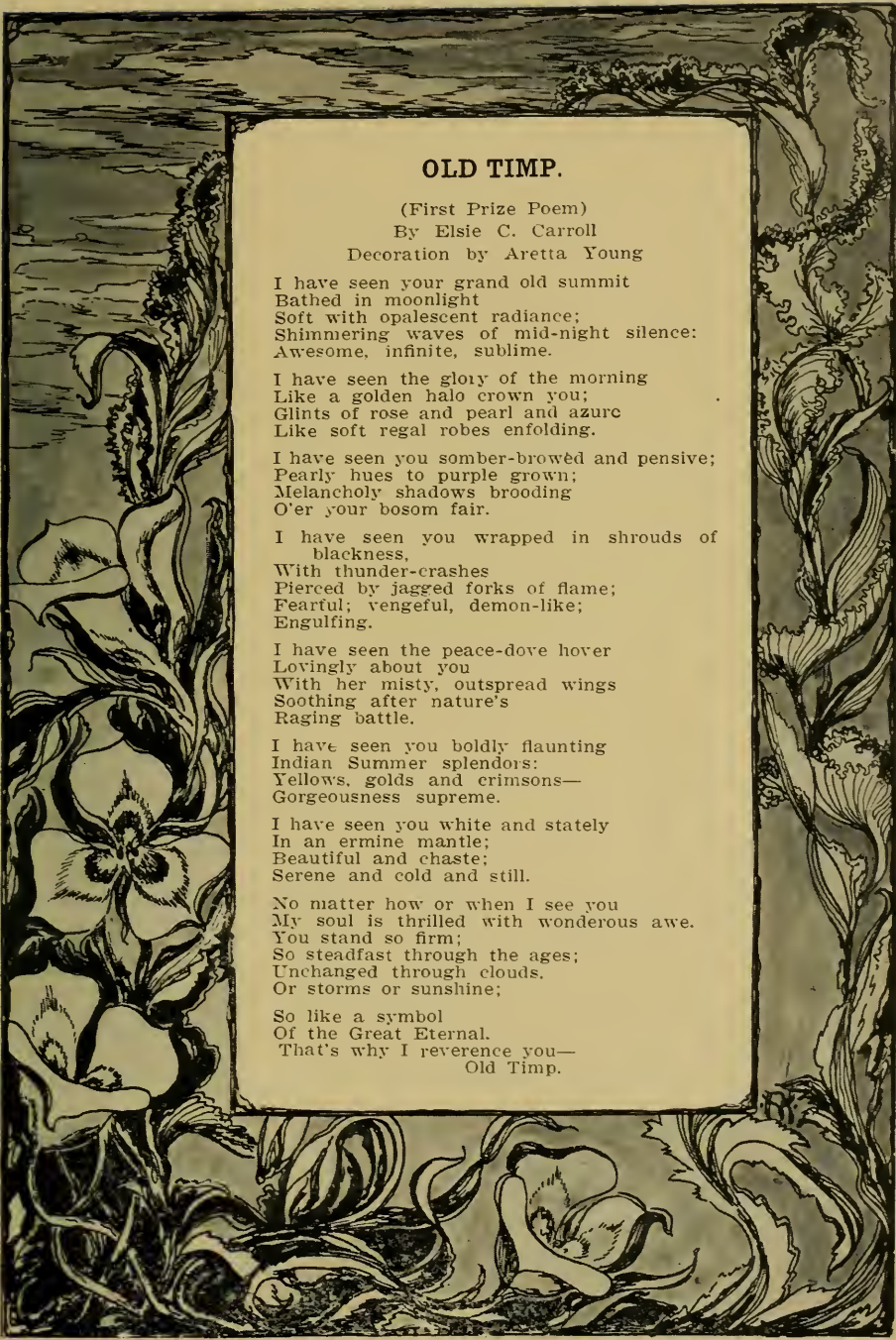
—Dr. George H. Brimhall.

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"PATRIARCH OF MOUNTAINS"

By E. H. Eastmond



OLD TIMP.

(First Prize Poem)

By Elsie C. Carroll

Decoration by Aretta Young

I have seen your grand old summit
Bathed in moonlight
Soft with opalescent radiance;
Shimmering waves of mid-night silence:
Awesome, infinite, sublime.

I have seen the glory of the morning
Like a golden halo crown you;
Glints of rose and pearl and azure
Like soft regal robes enfolding.

I have seen you somber-browed and pensive;
Pearly hues to purple grown;
Melancholy shadows brooding
O'er your bosom fair.

I have seen you wrapped in shrouds of
blackness,
With thunder-crashes
Pierced by jagged forks of flame;
Fearful; vengeful, demon-like;
Engulfing.

I have seen the peace-dove hover
Lovingly about you
With her misty, outspread wings
Soothing after nature's
Raging battle.

I have seen you boldly flaunting
Indian Summer splendors:
Yellows, golds and crimsons—
Gorgeousness supreme.

I have seen you white and stately
In an ermine mantle;
Beautiful and chaste;
Serene and cold and still.

No matter how or when I see you
My soul is thrilled with wonderous awe.
You stand so firm;
So steadfast through the ages;
Unchanged through clouds,
Or storms or sunshine;

So like a symbol
Of the Great Eternal.
That's why I reverence you—
Old Timp.

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"THE SLEEPING WOMAN."

Photo by E. S. Poulson.



THE INSPIRATION OF ARTISTS.

TIMPANOGOS



A HAVEN FOR CLOUD ARGOSIES. Photo by E. S. Poulson.



THE ARTISTIC BACKGROUND OF UTAH COUNTY CULTURE.



NORITA

A LEGEND OF BRIDAL VEIL FALLS

M. M. Warner.

The Wasatch range, with its peaks so high,
Which pierce the clouds and kiss the sky,
In the days of old, so the legend goes,
Was the home of the Uintahs, the Piutes' foes.
With hearts like steel and steady hand,
They marched to war, at their chief's command;
While the dusky malds at the teepee's throne
Were longing and waiting their chief's return.
Norita, a Uintah chieftain's daughter,
Whose laugh was music like running water,
With motion and grace, like a spotted fawn
When chased by hunters in early morn,
Had wandered forth on the mountain side
To wait the return of her sire, her pride.
All night she sat by the lonely trail
Waiting and watching; they could not fail
To return ere the moon was three hands high
In the starry dome of the cold-gray sky,
But the hand of death on her chief was lain,
For he was one of the Uintah's slain.
Even then, the blood-thirsty Piute band
Was marching on to the Uintah's land;
And over the trail on the mountain side,
In single file the Utes did ride.
The clanking hoofs of the ponies wild
Of the coming Utes did not scare the child,
She heard them come, 'twas her "chief," she said,
As in joy and reverence she bowed her head
To Manitou above, who had spared the lives
Of the Uintah braves to their children and wives.
But look! the Piutes see with gloating eyes,
This graceful girl whom they deem a prize,
And the swiftest runners, the Piute's scouts,
Are in hot pursuit, with yells and shouts,
As up the mountain side they sped,
To capture Norita, as on she fled
From rock to rock, from crag to peak,
With heaving breast and hot flushed cheek,
Till, on the summit above the falls
Of the "Bridal Veil" enclosed by walls
Of rugged rocks which caused the girl
To stop: her brain was in a whirl.
In front was death on rocks below—
Behind, the muderous Piute foe
Was pressing on and up and near,
With derisive shout and laugh and leer!
'Twas then Norita, in fear and fright
Raised her form to its fullest height
And earnestly prayed the God of heaven
For her deliverance, or to be forgiven.
One glance behind, she laughed, then screamed,
As far out o'er the cliff she leaned,
Then down into the falls she leaped
While angels hid their eyes and wept.
The sly superstitious Piute sons,
Could hear her sighs of pain and moans
As down into the falls they gazed;
With blanched cheeks they stood amazed.
The old pioneer can tell the tale,
Of how the Utes did strike the trail
In superstitious fear and dread
And refused the Wasatch more to tread;
And how the snow with blood was stained
And how the river, when it rained,
Was red with the blood of the Uintah girl;
As down the gulch 'twould plunge and whirl;
And how at midnight, near the falls,
When the moonbeams lingered on the walls
Of the rugged sides of the Wasatch peak,
You can plainly hear Norita shriek,
And see her form on the crag above,
And hear her song of death and love!



"HE STANDS THERE ALONE A TINY SPECK ON THE TOP OF THE WHIRLING WORLD."

The Lure of The Summit

By Harrison R. Merrill.

The desire to climb is an instinct of humanity. The wise Father placed his child in the shadows of the valley. Then he gilded the mountain-tops and hung rich brocades of delicately colored clouds about them. He carved strange shapes in vari-colored stone upon their crests, left intricate paths and trails through tangles of luxuriant ferns, dainty columbines, over velvety mosses beside milky waterfalls; he strewed the hill-side with pretty pebbles, and caused strange birds to sing from branches of lofty trees. At last, with the grinding action of a glacier he hollowed out a tiny basin which immediately filled with liquid ice-cicles—a crystal jewel flashing back the sunlight and the sky, set in a diadem of royalty.

Then He spread below, far down, rich fields and plains, tiny roadways, thread-like ribbons of steel and, farther off, lakes and hills and peaks and distances. These he draped in mists of blue, and drab and lavender. Farther back, He hung elusive curtains of mull and mauve chiffons at the gates of the ever mysterious horizons. At night He caused the moon to paint the summit with silver sheens and

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phosphorescent pigments. He blotted out the crags and scars and cliffs that distant heights crowned with close-set stars might be silhouetted against the tender sky.

To make His work of love complete he distilled the "encasing" air. From it he washed the smoke and dirt and dust of lower altitudes. He had the winds freight it from afar: from western seas, from snow-covered latitudes, from sun-sterilized deserts over leafy



"THE WAY BECOMES ROUGHER BUT HE CLIMBS
NOW WITH HEART ATHRILL."

filters, up through fragrant vapors: He caused them to pour it through the resinous needles of the pines and balsams and spruces; to whip it into foaming water-falls and to polish and purify it on the projecting points of rugged cliffs. He shot it through with delicate perfumes and fragrances and poured it out in luxuriant extravagance upon the summits.

When all was finished, purple Dawn, golden Sunrise, crimson Evening, and translucent Night in never ending succession played upon the peaks until the child far below in deepest shadows lifted up his eyes to the mountain tops. He saw their beauty: he heard their call in the voice of the wind: he caught whiffs of their fragrances upon the breeze. He raised his arms to the listening summits and cried, "Draw me up to your celestial heights, you silent watchers of the plains!"

The child turns from his plow, his bank, his counter, his automobile and with pack upon his back begins the ascent.

At night he pauses beside a little brook under some spreading trees. From his resting place he can see through the branches of the

trees the star-crowned summit. His pulse quickens, his soul is exalted with delightful anticipation.

Daylight finds him again on the trail, his face flushed but determined. Thorns tear at his clothes and hands; sharp rocks cut his shoes and bruise his feet; but, worst of all, the massive shoulder of a lower mountain shuts off the view of the glorious peak whose splendor has called him from the land of shadows up towards the light. He travels on, tired but happy. At last leg-weary and hot he stands upon that bold obstruction only to find that his summit is higher still, withdrawn into the privacy of the misty sky. But from here he can see it better. He can catch glimpses of curious figures of stone and fissures and wrinkled cliffs.

After a moment's rest he resumes his journey. Now he feels new life surging through him, for at last the summit shines before him; its shadows cover him. The way becomes rougher but he climbs now with heart a thrill as he contemplates blue distances lying below him, and lesser peaks above which he has risen.

With a mighty effort he draws himself up a ledge of rock, rolls over, dizzy but triumphant on the very top. He leaps to his feet, draws in a mighty chest full of rarified air. He raises his arms to the adjacent heavens and bursts forth in the exultant cry of humanity. "The summit! The summit! I have made it at last!"

He stands there alone, a tiny speck on the top of the whirling world, with seas of distilled atmosphere sweeping against his cheek and bathing him in the vapors of the gods.

He has answered the lure of the summits and stands with soul aflame up where the heavens are bending close and the glory of God is seen on every hand and proclaimed in every sound.



"THE SUMMIT! THE SUMMIT! I HAVE MADE IT AT LAST."



UPPER FALLS, PROVO CANYON.

The Story of Utahna and Red Eagle

An Indian Legend of Timpanogos.

By E. L. (Timpanogos) Roberts.

Illustrations by Ted Bushman

Timpanogos was angry. The Mountain-god shook the hills and the valleys with the power of his passion. All living things skulked into secret places and waited. Timpanogos cursed the streams until they bore no fish and his people were starving at his feet. Not even the medicine men could discern the cause of his mood, but with dark ceremony did they seek to appease him. For many days and nights

did they call to him for mercy.

They beat their heads with rawhide thongs until the blood coursed over their brown bodies; but without avail. Timpanogos demanded the last measure of the tribe's contrition: he yearned for the Sacrificial Maiden.

With the doleful beating of tom-toms the priests moved among the people calling them to the dance of sacrifice and tribesmen dragged all the young women and the fair girls before the sacred altar that the angry god might choose his victim.

Now among the women was the daughter of the chief and the best beloved and most beautiful of all the maidens. Because she was as beautiful as the evening sunset and as lovable as the warmth of early spring, the redmen feared that the Mountain-god would covet her. Twice before had they watched her take her turn in drawing the dreaded lots,



SHE STOLE PAST THE TEPEES OF THE SLEEPING TRIBE.

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and each time they saw her come forth safe while one of her sister tribeswomen was chosen.

Once more her people stood in terror and with bated breath as Utahna approached the funeral pile, and blindfolded reached for one of the sacred stones. As her shapely hand encircled an oval flint and drew it forth a murmur arose from the medicine men at her side, and this murmur was caught up and echoed throughout the assembled tribe. Alas, the touch of Timpanogos was upon the stone; the finger print of the god was deep laid in its adamant surface.

The chief and all his household fell upon the earth and buried their faces in the rocky soil, and here they groveled in despair, while the men and women of the tribe streaked their bodies with white clay and danced the dance of death around the sobbing Utahna.

Four stalwart braves, anointed with human blood, led Utahna from the multitude toward the threshold of Timpanogos. They took her to the portals of the canyon entrance from which gushed the stream which bathed the feet of Timpanogos. Here with solemn words they left her, for none but she might tread the sacred ground. Somewhere among the vast amphitheatres near the crest of the mountain brooded the Great Spirit. She must find him alone.

Utahna struggled along the trailless mountain side until she reached a wild stream tearing its way southward through a narrow fork of the canyon. Along this stream and toward the mountain top she took her way until the canyon fork widened into an upland valley. She was startled to see blue smoke curling its way skyward through the aspens and to hear the chant of numerous voices.

Peering between the trees Utahna saw a tribe of red-men dancing a dance of joy before their tepees. How dared these people tread the sacred soil of Timpanogos! Were they mortal or spirits! What should she do! Would they destroy her before she had saved her tribesmen? With these querries in her troubled brain Utahna skirted the village creeping behind the wild rose and the mountain berry. When safely beyond the strange people, she ran along the banks of the stream like a frightened fawn.

Utahna heard not the soft tread of a brown moccasined foot behind her as she ran. Stealing through the underbrush was Red Eagle, an Indian brave of the strange tribe and the son of its chief, who returning from a bear hunt had spied the creeping maiden as she stole past his people. Red Eagle tracked the fleeing girl along the stream until the canyon once more broadened into a beautiful mountain valley forested with the pine and the aspen. Here she turned to left and started straight for the peaks of Timpanogos. Beside a roaring cataract Utahna rested and Red Eagle too paused behind the wild oak bushes.

Next he followed her up the steep sides of slanting ledges, then

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through deep flower beds and under spraying waterfalls, until at last she reached the floor of broad amphitheatres carpeted with flower beds, studded with emerald ponds, and walled with giant cliffs. Here she paused in terror and Red Eagle too felt himself in the presence of mystic powers. He wanted to spring to Utahna's side for the strange maiden had gripped his heart, and he was half afraid both for her and himself.

Then Utahna with an effort at courage, once more began her journey. She hurried over small hills and through tiny valleys to the feet of a deep glacier winding its way from the mountain crest and ending in a beautiful lake. Along the surface of this river of ice she climbed while Red Eagle followed concealing himself in crevasses when she paused for breath.

After reaching the rim Utahna saw the great valley at her feet. Way in the distance she saw the smoke rising from her village and



"Then He Raised the Bleeding Form to His Arms and Tread Solemnly Back to Their Crystal Cave."

she thought she heard the moaning and the pleading of her people. Taking new courage from the thought of her great sacrifice, she sped along the narrow rim of the mountain until she reached the topmost peak. Here the cliffs fell away thousands of feet and she felt the cool breath of the Mountain-god on her cheeks. Into the depths she peered and trembled.

When Red Eagle scaled the peak the girl was standing upon the

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brink of the precipice chanting a ceremony of appeal and sacrifice and preparing to leap into space. From her sobbing chant he gathered the import of her journey, the purpose of her sacrifice. Just as Utahna was making ready to leap into the mystic arms of Timpanogos, and fulfill her fate with her life, Red Eagle spoke softly to her. She turned and in superstitious terror, threw herself at his feet. In broken half audible expression she plead with him to receive the pleadings of her people and to accept her as the wonted sacrifice.

Red Eagle understood and was tempted. Impulse and new-born passion determined his deception. He bade her rise and follow him. Back down the rim of the mountain they went in silence. Red Eagle was torn with fears and yet he was held by the love for this beautiful maiden. He knew not Timpanogos, neither did he fear this strange god; but withal he was pretending to be divine and that was sacrilege. Silently he brooded as he picked a path down the mountain side; silently he planned. He must possess the maiden and yet if she knew him to be mortal she would carry out her sacrifice. He must not return to his people or she would learn the truth and destroy herself.

Turning away from the direction of their ascent Red Eagle broke into a new and wild country to the north while the wondering maiden followed in quiet. Down the sides of unknown hills they went until their path led them among giant ledges. He must go forth in confidence or she would learn the truth, and yet he knew not where to go. Along a narrow terrace he lead Utahna until they came upon the forbidding face of a dark cliff. Red Eagle trembled for his path was blocked.

A low growl coming from the thick berry bushes upon the terrace roused Red Eagle out of his stupor of fear and indecision and as he sprang in the direction of the growl he saw a bear loping hurriedly away from the mouth of a cave.

Into the cave Red Eagle walked and was thrilled to see a large enclosure walled with myriads of glistening rock icicles and floored with mystic altars deep colored in sacred red. Once more the deceiving Indian was tempted and, turning to the awe-stricken maiden, he bade her enter and told her that her sacrifice was accepted, her people would be blessed, and that she should reside with him in the crystal palace forever.

Utahna's heart leaped for joy. This then was the human sacrifice. To be the bride of Timpanogos and to live with him in his wondrous palace was the price she should pay for her people's blessings. Why was the truth not known? Why should her tribesmen mourn her loss, and all the fair maidens dread the fatal selection?

For many moons did Red Eagle and Utahna reside within the brilliant cave and their happiness was truly godlike. When the storms would break upon the mountain top and the lightening would tear across the sky, Utahna would search the face of Red Eagle to ascertain the cause of his mood, and Red Eagle would feign anger and would brood in silence until the storm was over. When the days were calm and beautiful and the flowers spent their fragrance with delightful extravagance, Red Eagle would sport about the cliffs and flower beds with Utahna in his arms and all the world was joy.

He brought her fresh killed deer and the berries from dangerous heights. She prepared him unctuous meat over the camp fire and she was awed that he could eat like her. She was delighted and surprised too that he could thrill like her at human love and passion. But with all this he was all-

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powerful. He controlled the storms. He feared not the wild beasts. He went forth without weapons and brought back fresh killed meat.

But, alas, her dream was doomed to end as all dreams must end that are built upon deception. One day the low growl of the grizzly was once more heard as the bear sought its favorite lair. Red Eagle sprang behind the wild rose and returned with bow and arrow. He attacked the angry beast but was wounded before he could drive it away.

For days the sad Utahna nursed her wounded lover and in the ravings of his fever she learned the truth. Loyal to him even at the risk of incurring the displeasure of her god she nursed him back to health and then prepared in secret for her great duty. One day when Red Eagle returned to the cave he found it empty and Utahna gone. With fear gripping his heart he set out for the heights of Timpanogos.

When he reached the giant amphitheatre at the foot of the glacier he saw a tiny form perched upon the highest peak and leaning towards the yawning depths. His wild call was lost in the distance. Suddenly the figure raised its arms in supplication and then Red Eagle saw the body of his beloved hurtling through space, falling from ledge to ledge, until it dropped a mangled mass at his feet.

For a moment he shrank away from what was once his beloved bride. Then he raised the bleeding form to his arms and tread solemnly back to their crystal cave. In one of the hidden chambers Red Eagle laid Utahna beside a mirroring pond, and brooded over her in silence until his lifeless body sank beside her.

Then the great god, Timpanogos, did a wondrous thing. Up from the bodies of his children he commanded their bleeding hearts to rise and merge in one. And over the lifeless bodies rose a great red heart and fastened itself to the brilliant cave ceiling.

This great heart hangs to this day over the sacred place and in the burial chamber of Red Eagle and Utahna.



"HE COMMANDED THEIR BLEEDING HEARTS TO RISE AND MERGE IN ONE." (Actual photograph of the great heart in Timpanogos Cave).



LOOKING UP NORTH FORK TOWARDS ASPEN GROVE.



Photo by E. L. Roberts of the First Annual Hike, Summer of 1912.

Where Trails Wend

By E. L. (Timpanogos) Roberts.

Pleasant Grove Trails.

Perhaps the oldest routes to the top of Timpanogos are by way of the west face of the mountain. At least three distinct trails have been used, one by way of Dry Creek Canyon, the second through Pleasant Grove canyon, and the third through the gulches to the north and then upon the north rim.

These routes have several attractive features in common. The ascent is easy and can be made for more than half the distance by horse. Utah valley is in sight all the way to the top, and its ever changing views are interesting. The lake gradually widens until it appears to fill the entire valley. Checkered fields bordered by white roads and lined with majestic poplars enliven the landscape and invite the mountain climber to pause often and look.

When the rim of Timpanogos is reached the views to the east of the mountain break suddenly upon the hiker and the effect is startling. The disadvantage of having climbed in the sun for hours, and of being without water over most of the distance are more than offset by the surprise views from the top.

American Fork Canyon Trail.

American Fork Canyon way to the top of Timpanogos is both one of the oldest and the newest routes to the top. For many years



Upper Left: In the "Saddle," Midwinter; Right: Hikers on the very top; Lower Right: Beginning the Ascent of the Glacier; Left: Top of the Glacier and the Crest.

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sheep have been driven this way from the base of the mountain to the verdant upland valleys, and an occasional hiker followed the trail. Last summer the government finished the construction of an excellent trail over the route, and hundreds of mountain climbers have since used the new way.

The trail is of even grade all the way to the top, and in its numerous windings and zig-zags bring the hiker in contact with delightful rushing torrents, water falls, and terraced ledges, abundant shade throughout can be found the entire climb, and the hiker is never weary of the wealth of scenic features.

The Aspen Grove Trail.

This route bears the distinction of being the route over which the famous annual Timpanogos Hikes have been taken since their beginning in the summer of 1912. Aspen Grove is but four and a half miles from Wildwood in Provo Canyon. The beautiful grove has an ideal setting surrounded by upstanding peaks and forested with pines and aspens.

From the grove a new government trail to the top of Timpanogos has its beginning. After a mile of almost level grade through the trees the trail starts zig-zaging up the steep glaciated canyon past roaring cataracts and spraying water falls, through great stretches of wild mountain flowers, over terraced ledges, underneath sentinel pines and across the floors of huge amphitheatres to the foot of Timpanogos Glacier. Here the route is by way of the glacier back. The going is steep and rather difficult, but it gives the lover of adventure thrills to be found no where else on the mountain. At certain points the climber must use fingers and feet to work his way over the steep snow to the mountain rim. No real danger is encountered however since a slip means only a delightful slide back down the snow covered glacier.

Enroute the hiker passes first The Unnamed Cataracts, next Moss Falls, Baby Falls, Ribbon Falls, Lecture Ledge, Columbine Falls, Amphitheatre Falls, and numerous other unnamed water falls and cataracts. After reaching the amphitheatre floor he can walk a hundred yards to the left and see the beautiful Hidden Lake, then along the main route he comes upon Emerald Lake, a beautiful little mountain pond formed by the melting glacier.

The great amphitheatres which appear to have been carved out of the rim of Timpanogos with a huge biscuit mold are a half dozen in number extending from the south end of the mountain to American Fork canyon. They are approached by both the American Fork canyon trail and that from Aspen Grove and form a wonderland of

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scenic beauty. These vast cirques are carpeted by deep beds of wild mountain flowers, broken occasionally by emerald ponds and winding streamlets. Each cirque is outlined by great cliffs rising in terraces a thousand feet above the amphitheatre floors.

The New Un-Made Trail.

From what is known as the Stewart Flat up the north fork of the Provo River the hiker gets a beautiful view of the rim of Timpanogos. The view embraces numerous unexplored peaks and two great amphitheatres which are at present known only to the sheep men. The Utah County Outdoor Association Committee on Exploration recently made a three day trip into this new country, and the report of this committee indicates that it is more beautiful and attractive than the well known parts of the mountain.

Near the top lies the Giant Amphitheatre, the largest on the mountain. This is deep-filled with melting snow and the stream which is formed plunges over cliffs and ledges in a beautiful series of cataracts and waterfalls. The last section of this cataract series forms a group of leaping waterfalls six hundred feet in depth.

The next trail-digging project of the government on Timpanogos will likely be made over this new country. A government trail here will open wonderful scenic beauties to the hike-loving world.

The Timpanogos Hike.

This unique mountain-climbing classic was started by the Physical Education Department of the Brigham Young University during the summer of 1912. Timpanogos had been climbed many times before this by small parties of the mountain's devotees and the way was well known. It was the ambition of the Physical Education department to begin annual hikes which would bring the mountain to the notice of thousands of people instead of a few who sought the secret and delightful mountain retreats as their shrine.

The picture of the first annual hike is in this little booklet. From this party of a score of hikers the big hikes have developed, until during the summer of 1921, twelve hundred people assembled around the bon-fire at Aspen Grove the evening before the Tenth Annual Hike, and six hundred and fifty people climbed the mountain in one body the next morning.

The outing is usually taken during the latter part of July, when the flowers, waterfalls and glacier are at their best. Two days are required. The first day is taken in transporting hikers and equipment to Aspen Grove. The first evening is spent in bon-fire festivities and various other delightful features. The hike takes place the next morning. The evening of the return from the mountain top is



SOME OF THE NUMEROUS WATERFALLS ALONG THE TRAIL.

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occupied in open air plays, concerts, etc. and the return to Provo is made the following morning.

The hiking party is divided into small groups for the convenience of camping and cooking, etc. A commissary is stationed on the grounds where all food stuffs may be purchased, but all cooking and camping equipment must be furnished by the hikers. Unattached parties who do not care to take the trouble of carrying camp equipment may easily find places in groups where all these facilities are already secured. They may pay their share of the expenses and thus avoid carrying their own material for great distances.

The Timpanogos Glacier Slide.

This slide down the back of the Timpanogos Glacier is one of the outstanding features of the Timpanogos Hike. No one should miss getting the thrill of "skidding" over the smooth surface of the steep glacier at a rate of speed equalled only by the diving airplane. The first jump from the rim of the mountain down some fifty feet of sheer descent, has a "kick" in it which dwarfs any efforts of artificial scenic railways, "shoot-the-shoots," or "giant racers." The rest of the slide is a delight without the heart-stopping effects of the first jump into space. The total slide is perhaps but a hundred yards, but the effect covers a life-time.

American Fork Canyon and Timpanogos Cave.

This savage gorge carved deep out of Timpanogos by a wild canyon stream is one of the most wonderful canyons in Utah. It offers the tourist thrills worth traveling across the continent to get. Giant cliffs rise thousands of feet above the canyon floor and the cliff architecture and configuration offer unending variety of scenic effects.

Along this route the traveller encounters the delights of beautiful Silver lake and Pittsburg lake, mirroring the rugged peaks of the crest. Excellent camping facilities are available at Community Flat, Mutual Dell and other points enroute. The Ranger Station is also on this trail.

Timpanogos Cave, newly discovered, is approached from American Fork Canyon. The cave is beautiful beyond any attempt at description. The underground passages and chambers are floored with colored stalagmites, and the dripping ceilings are studded with uncounted crystal stalagmite formations. The beauty and delicacy of these strange creations of underground water have already won for the cave the distinction of being the most beautiful of its kind in America.

The government has constructed a perfect trail to the cave which decreases the difficulty and increases the charm of the way. A twenty minute walk places the hiker to the cave entrance. Here a guide will take him through for the nominal expenditure of fifty cents.



THE EVENING BEFORE BIG HIKE.



AT ASPEN GROVE.



"A SWEEP OF S.



GE SPLENDOR."

Photo by Cottam.



"YOUR LOFTY REGIONS BECKON ME."

Photo by Cottam.

THE MOUNT TRIUMPHANT

(Second Prize Poem)

By M. E. Crandall, Jr.

Up where the air is pure and free,
And soaring eagles build their nests.
Your lofty regions beckon me
To scale your glorious mountain crest.

Your towering turrets cleave the sky:
Their realm is in the vaulted blue.
Where fleecy clouds go drifting by
To bathe your face with morning dew.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or falter with my flesh borne load,
Your summits hear my soul's complaint
And start my feet upon your road.

Symbol of power omnipotent;
Your heights attained, earth's glory won;
Your enemies weak, impotent
With all their deeds of fury done.

Your sphere beyond the reach of drones;
You do their puny efforts mock:
Nor fear the crash of tumult tones
Of howling winds or thunder shock.

Enthroned in celestial sheen.
Or sombre draped with sable shroud.
You stand erect with noble mien
A mighty monarch grand and proud.

Yourself akin to things divine
Your race excels the slimy clod:
Exalted thus to heights sublime
You lift our eyes and souls to God.



What The Naturalist Sees

By Fred Buss.

Timpanogos "is the monarch of
mountains,

They crowned him long ago,
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of
clouds,
With a diadem of snow."

Mt. Timpanogos, the most majestic peak in the Wasatch range, lifts its proud head to a height of 12,008 feet above sea level and to an elevation nearly one and a half miles above the surrounding valleys.

It owes much of its grandeur to the fact that it rises so steeply from the bed of old Lake Bonneville with only inconsequential foothills on its flanks, while Provo River on the south and American Fork River on the north have carved their canyons to the very base of the range, thereby leaving Timpanogos standing apart from the other peaks in a state of splendid isolation.

Geologists attribute the form and position of the mountain to its being a faulted block of the earth's crust which has been lifted by the great internal forces of the globe to its present height above a corresponding depressed block under Utah valley. The western face of Timpanogos is believed to be the fault scarp, or rather to be composed of three fault scarps; since the main mountain forms the major and eastern block, while the two series of foothills on the west constitute the others.

Along the faults between these blocks movement has occurred at repeated intervals, perhaps one to forty feet at a time until the present great mountain heights have been reached. It is probable that the movement will continue for a long time yet and we who live in Utah Valley may confidently expect serious earthquakes from time to time as the process is repeated.

The whole of the great bulk of Timpanogos is composed of stratified sedimentary rocks formed by the accumulation of sand or shell on the sea bottom in those misty ages when the world was still in its youth. Practically all of the lower portion is a dark blue lime-

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stone, full of fossil shells and known as the Wasatch limestone. Above this is a thick siliceous formation known as the Weber quartzite and believed to have been deposited in the sea during the period when the coal of Pennsylvania was being laid down. The limestone was originally shells or fragments of shells and fragments of coral, and long since converted by hardening processes into a dense fine grained rock; and the quartzite was seemingly converted by cementation from a porous sand to its present compact form.

Mt. Timpanogos is said to be in topographic maturity, by which is meant that all the surface features are at their maximum development. The peak is probably at its greatest height and though it may continue for a long time to be spasmodically elevated, the wasting away of its top by the agents of the weather will be at least as rapid; the larger canyons are cut entirely to the mountain base; the talus slopes reach away up on the mountain sides; the slopes will on the average never be any steeper than at present; the divide at the top is at its maximum narrowness; the landslides will grow less and less frequent and caves more abundant as time glides by.

All the fine detail of ridge and ravine, of bold cliff and long talus slope have been developed on Timpanogos by the agents of weathering, such as frost and wind; by the swift erosion of its spring torrents; by the slow but irresistible grinding of ponderous glaciers that clothed its lofty summit and moved down its canyons in yesterday's Ice Age; or by the waves of Lake Bonneville pounding thunderously against its base. Today the heat and cold, the frost and the wind continue to fracture the mountain crest, the torrents are yet cutting steep sided ravines and deeper canyons; but Lake Bonneville has long ago withdrawn its attacks and near the top of the great mountain lies the shrunken remnant of one of the great glaciers that once glistened brightly in the sun of that ancient time.

The evidences of the former extension of the glaciers can be seen in the moraines of Provo North Fork and of American South Fork and show that ice once filled these canyons to something like a distance of five miles each and to a depth of one thousand feet. The present glacier while intensely interesting is barely a mile in length and probably little more than three hundred feet thick. Due to the glaciation to which Timpanogos has been subjected there are perhaps 200 waterfalls along the courses of its streams. Some were formed because the main canyons, containing the glaciers were deepened far below the bottoms of the tributary gorges which held little or no ice. Others occur at points where crevasses penetrated the glacier, permitting water to get into the joints in the rock of the mountain side. Here freezing assisted the glacier to do effective quarrying work so that the streams from the melting snows cascade from ledge to ledge for more than 300 feet.

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Timpanogos is a geologist's paradise with its wealth of fossils; its interesting rock formations; its living glaeier and torrential streams; its Wonder Cave, revealing the work done by solution and deposition; and its splendid structural features which here in the semi-arid West are so plainly revealed.

To the botanist and zoologist the peak holds much of interest and as yet its flora and fauna have not been intensively studied.

I do not know how many species of plants will be found growing on its rocky breast, but the number will undoubtedly exceed a thousand, as the altitude and varying slope exposure give a very wide range of temperature and rainfall.

The temperature of the air is known to decrease approximately one degree Fahrenheit for every 300 feet in altitude and there is as much difference in temperature between a steep slope facing the southwest and on the opposite canyon wall facing the northeast as could be obtained by travelling several hundred miles northward on level ground. To climb Timpanogos from Utah Valley reveals the same climatic and vegetative changes as one would get in travelling from Provo to the Arctic Circle.

It is probable that during the Ice Age when Arctic climates were shroning North America, the plants of northern Canada were forced to reseed themselves farther and farther southward until even the lower slopes of the Wasatch range were clothed in tundra plants of gorgeous hue, upon which fed great herds of reindeer, muskoxen and woolly elephants and rhinoceri.

Later when the cold climates of Pleistocene were broken and the snow cover melted from the higher mountain slopes, the Arctic plants and smaller mammals moved farther and farther up the mountain sides as the more temperate but semi-arid forms worked in from the Sonoran plateau of Mexico.

We recognize five distinct life zones on Timpanogos: and the lower and warmer, known as the upper Sonoran extends only a little way up the mountain sides and that on the slopes which are warmest. Characteristic plants of this zone are June or cheat grass, sagebrush, the hackberry, the sego lily and the silver thistle. Above this occurs the Transition zone, since in it are found stragglers from both the zone above and one below. It is essentially a zone of brush with great thickets of scrub oak, choke cherry, sumac, and service berry; and in the canyons, groves of willowleaf cottonwood, big-tooth maple, birch and alder.

Farther up on the mountain still at an elevation of 8000 to 9500 feet we find the climate corresponding to that of Canada and here occur the first forests composed of quaking aspen, Douglas fir and lodgepole pine. This is a beautiful belt with hundreds of new bright wildflowers and abundant underbrush.

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Higher still, 9500 to 10,500 feet is the Hudsonian zone with new strange plants unknown to those who have never climbed high in our mountains but almost identical with those growing in Alaska and around Hudson Bay. There are found great forests of Engelmann's spruce and balsam fir interspersed with grassy parks clothed with such abundance and variety of flowers that it is impossible for one to believe without seeing them.

From 10,500 to the mountain top is the Arctic-Alpine zone with no trees (above the timber line) but with a considerable variety of shrubby little flowering plants which grow among the rocks and smile up as brightly as if their life was easy instead of the hard, stern struggle that it is. For about nine months of the year this area lies deeply buried in snow, but with its final removal about July first, these plants break almost at once into lovely bloom.

Some 200 acres on the east side of Mt. Timpanogos have now been withdrawn from grazing of any kind and any one can make hundreds of new plant friends and find a variety of responses they have made to the life conditions under which they have found themselves.

To the untrained, Timpanogos offers a wealth of beauty in color and form; but to one trained in science, it speaks also chapter after chapter of the glorious history of our earth and reveals many of the great laws of Nature and of Nature's God.

THE RECORD OF THE ROCKS

By Alfred Osmond.

But he who loves the record of the rocks

Knows well that they are books of priceless worth,
A history of those internal shocks

That revolutionized and formed the earth.

Not useless dates, they give the ages' birth,
Their evolutions and their destiny.

Their mournful musings and their songs of mirth—
These, like the Master Seer of Galilee,
Bear record that lives on when nations cease to be.

And are they not the records of our God,

The books of wisdom that His hand hath sealed,
Till through the blasted rock and riven sod
Their priceless testaments might be revealed?

The hand that made the mountains is concealed,
But that it did and does and will exist

Is palpable to all who have appealed.

By instinct, to the sun behind the mist

That shines with dazzling light, too brilliant to resist.

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By Harold Davis.

The dark descends, an opal avalanche—
The valley drowns in azure seas, a-sob
For breath from Night's embrace and passionate kiss:
The spectral pines troop up the slope and stand
Black-ribbed against the clear immensity;
And ghostly Indian camp-fires flash pale smoke
Across the scars gashed white and healed with green—
And then the moon, with blanche, cool finger-tips
Aslant the purpled peak will touch the strings
Of vibrant shadow, breathing music low
And sweet,—her lips are cold, but from
The soft warm mouth of heaven falls a sigh—
A thunder-quiet accent, saying: "Rest!"
—It brushes dusty care free from my heart.

O patriarch of mountains, you have calm
Of stars, deep-eyed and changeless; give it me
That I may look upon the years to come with joy,
And cares and troubles melt as April snows
Run liquid down your clean-limbed slopes to sing
In sprightly waywardness and wrinkled smiles!
Come, let me look ahead and up and down
With fortitude, and laugh above the clouds
Piled black with storm upon my breast,—my eyes
As placid-smooth as twinkling glacial lakes.



• EARLY SPRING NEAR ASPEN GROVE. Photo by Cottam.



THE MAJESTY OF THE MOUNTAIN IS RIVALLED ONLY BY THE BEAUTY OF
ITS FLOWERS.

Photos by Broaddus.

The Conquest of The Native

By Alfred Osmond.

Soon after being graduated from Harvard university in 1903, I received a long distance' phone call from President Cluff of the Brigham Young academy offering me a position in that institution. The president, who was a diplomat as well as a scholarly gentleman, explained clearly that I was worth two thousand dollars a year, but that he could give me only half of that amount. The necessity of becoming a producer, as well as the normal craving for work controlled my mind and I gratefully accepted the appointment.

Professors Holt and Swenson and I instinctively waived the social conventions and became intimate and confidential. Our intense love for the out-door life lured us to the mountains and especially to the joys of camp-life along the Provo river. Those were happy, healthful days.

When I first became acquainted with them, neither of my companions knew anything about the fine art of fishing. At the present time, I would not hesitate to match my friend Holt against any man in Utah on the tricks of catching trout in streams like North Fork, South Fork and Deer Creek. River fishing is another matter, and none of the trio can compete with Steve Bee, Pete Johnson, Mr. Donan, and the Madsen boys in the art of whipping streams of this kind.

Professor Swenson's work is uneven. He makes some spectacular spurts, but he sometimes gets excited and fishes too fast. I shall always be grateful to him, however, for the first-aid he gave me in trying to land a six-pound native at the mouth of North Fork.

It was an ideal morning in June. The signs of breaking day were faintly visible when we rushed down to the river. Swenson had "solved the fishing problem" the night before and was eager for action. Standing on Wildwood bridge in the cool of the evening, with the refreshing breeze kissing his glowing cheeks and playing wantonly with his long, pedagogical locks, he had landed eight beautiful rainbows. As an ample third of the catch had been snugly tucked away under his belt—we had supper late that night—he had been in the rainbow business all night and was therefore in the pink of condition when the morning entertainment began.

Swenson beat me to the coveted position on the bridge and I lined up for second choice. My friend was getting bites and some fish when I happened to turn my fisherman's eyes—I usually had them convenient in case of an emergency—to the mouth of North Fork. As the turbulent waters of this creek crash into the slower flow of the river, a miniature maelstrom is formed and the foaming spills from this whirlpool make an ideal fishing hole. As my vision took in con-

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ditions at the junction of the two streams, I could see that the waters were being disturbed by an unusual habitant. Mr. Swenson was too much absorbed in his newly discovered art to notice my get-away, and the next moment I was lying on my front side watching the gratuitous activity of the finest fish I had ever seen. He was a beauty and a monster, and in spite of my old age and my Idaho experience, I was trembling like an aspen leaf. Seven pounds of luscious trout going to waste within two feet of my very nose and still my angleworms were crawling through my nervous fingers instead of being giggered firmly on my obstreperous and cantankerous hook. Beside this, I had to watch Swenson. What if he saw us—I mean me and the trout. What would he do? I didn't know; he didn't know; nobody knew. The trout was mine by right of discovery. He was feeding. I knew he would bite. I have often explained to my friends that I have no right to the reputation I have of being a fisher-



A Typical Tributary of the Many Fishing Streams.

man; I lack skill; I lack sense; I lack all the essentials—that is all but one. I can tell by the tilt of a trout's tail and by the glint of his white teeth whether or not he will bite. In this case the whole performance had been visualized and approved. There were to be eight luscious angleworms on my hook. They were to drop noiselessly in a certain place and I was to guide them to a certain place—I could do it; I knew I could do it. The trout was to rush from a certain point of view and catch them at a certain angle. The whole performance was created spiritually before it was converted into Wildwood history.

Although I was too busy to make climatic observations, I could feel that it was now broad daylight. Cars would soon be vamping past. My trout would get frightened and refuse to feed. My bait-can was almost empty, but only a few of the worms had felt the stinging stab of my hook. Angleworms were crawling all around me, and my nervous system had been shocked into a state of helplessness. I had even lost my count. The worms on my hook had become so entwined and entangled that a recount was impossible. I believed that I had giggered six. Two more would wind up the charm, but I was not certain of this. What if I had too few or too many? My leader or line or both would break or perhaps the trout would flatly refuse to bite. Superstitious? I admit the charge, but it is a fundamental law of life that all fishermen are cranky or crazy, and hence individual responsibility is impossible.

A car, with a speed-demon at the wheel flashed past. The lawless imp grinned at me and went on his way rejoicing. Swenson was becoming nervous. He had been having bites, but had jerked too hard and was in deep distress. My trout was still feeding. Thank goodness he had not yet lost his appetite. His dessert was now ready. Eight or no eight, the curtain was up and the complication of the plot began.

Slowly and secretly my line slipped through my fingers, lowering the luscious worms in the nearest eddy of the mingling waters of the two streams. Then came the readjustment that sent the worms writhing and rolling down to their tempting station. The native had paused in his meanderings and was lying perilously near the whirlpool. I had a feeling that Mr. Swenson was now watching me, but I did not breathe nor bat an eye.

"Now or never." I whispered to myself. The native had seen my lure and was adjusting to the new situation. He was uncomfortable, but I clearly saw a gleam of cautiousness leap from his left eye. But the feeding instinct quickly prevailed. A dash and a splash and the luscious load was firmly hooked on my angle-grabs.

"Swenson! Swenson!" I yelled, "I got the Bear Lake Monster! Come and help land him!"

Before my friend had arrived the denizen of the deep had circled the whirlpool three times and was now seething through deep water in the middle of the stream. I still had a few feet of line on my reel and was playing it out to the best of my ability.

"Yank 'im out, Alf!" yelled Swenson, as he seized my line.

"Up in Idaho?"—I started to explain, but the trout had suddenly changed his mind and was now headed for North Fork.

The expression on my face told Swenson to leave go, and for some unexplainable reason he obeyed my command.

I was reeling in loose line at a rate of speed that baffled descrip-

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tion, and the agony of the feeling that my prize might escape is unimaginable.

"He's bluffing, Alf!" cried my friend. "He don't want to go up the Fork. If you don't keep him out of that whirlpool, he's a goner."

Swenson was right. As the monster loomed in sight at the mouth of the Fork, he suddenly wheeled around and was descending into the maelstrom when my tightened line checked his speed and turned him down the river.

At this tragic moment, I lost control of my reel, and before I realized what had happened, a singing sweep of the rapidly revolving line roller suggested that I had no more string to give.

The line had been long enough to let the trout down stream to the river bridge, but the sudden jerk that he received when the reel was empty again turned him up stream. I managed to keep the line taut as the monster swam toward us. His willful will had been broken and he was being led to the land of his captivity.

If we were careful, the prize would be ours. I thought of Steve Bee and Billy Freshwater and was blessing them for the quality of their goods. The line, the leader and the hook; how in the world they endured the stress and strain of those tragic moments is a mystery that will never be solved.

But did his majesty have one more kick coming? They often do; and he did. When he was within three feet of the sloping shore, he made a tremendous flop and the line gave way about two feet from the end of the pole. How Swenson caught that flashing, flying line is an unexplainable fact, but he did, and the native was now being hauled in at a rate of speed that took away my breath and what little sense I had left. As the beautiful, glowing trout touched the sloping bank, I grabbed the line and yanked with all my might. The fool act broke my tackle in two places, but the momentum imparted to the prize landed him and the prostrate forms of two stalwart men were placed between him and the river.

There was still some slipping and sliding and gleaming and gliding before each of us had our fingers in the native's gills, but we were now proud and happy.

"Only six pounds," said my friend, as he removed the trout from the scales.

"Well, he looked larger," I replied. "and, besides that, you should remember that he has been in a reducing mill that involved the loss of some flesh."





SCENES UP BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN FORK CANYON, INCLUDING THE
WONDERFUL HANGING ROCK.

TIMPANOGOS

JOY OF THE CLIMB

(Third Prize Poem)

By Mrs. Annie D. Palmer.

See that mountain big and grand?
That is Timpanogos.
Wonder-Mountain of the land,
Old Mount Timpanogos.
Farms and orchards at its base,
Above the clouds its shining face,
Between—Oh, wondrous things—and space—
Great old Timpanogos.

Such unhampered swigs of air,
Up on Timpanogos,
Eddying round from everywhere,
Up to Timpanogos.
Amphitheater where you rest,
Toboggan sliding of the best,
And further climbing, by request,
Climbing Timpanogos.

Crystal Spring and Emerald Lake,
There on Timpanogos,
Made just for the Hiker's sake
On old Timpanogos;
Wondrous glacier creeping slow,
Holds eternal ice and snow;
Here you loiter, loth to go
On up Timpanogos.

Rarest flowers spread their bloom
Out on Timpanogos;
And shed the daintiest perfume
Over Timpanogos,
Rocks of purple, brown, and green,
With ferns and mosses all between,
Make nooks the fairies haunt, I ween,
Haunts of Timpanogos.

Moonbeams dancing in the night
Upon Timpanogos,
Seem of softer, purer light,
There on Timpanogos;
And oft a fluttering fills the air,
While wood nymphs, flitting free from care,
Steal all your troubles from you there—
Delightful Timpanogos.

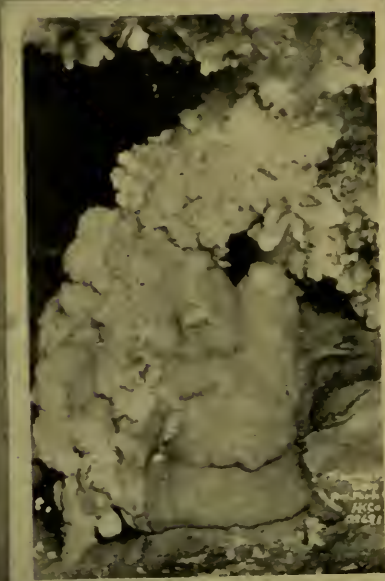
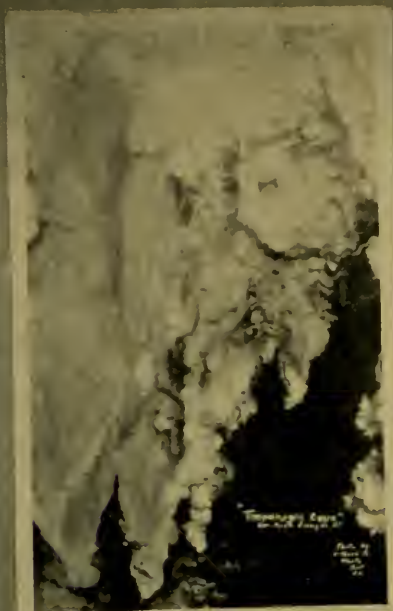
If you have not stood at morn
On Mount Timpanogos,
Have not seen the new day born
From Mount Timpanogos;
Have not felt your being thrill,
Have not stood there bowed and still,
Have not marveled—oh, you will—
Climb Mount Timpanogos.



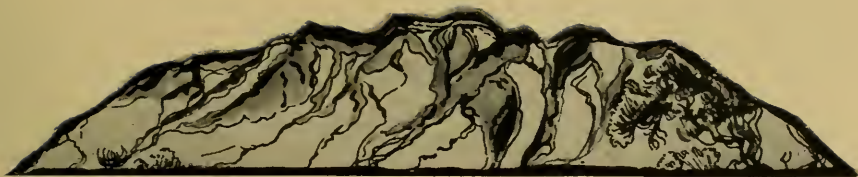
PITTSBURG LAKE, AMERICAN FORK CANYON. Photo by C. L. Joy.



MUTUAL DELL, AMERICAN FORK CANYON. Photo by C. L. Joy.



SOME OF THE BEAUTIFUL PHENOMENA OF TIMPANOGOS CAVE.



ON THE HEIGHTS

By Lowry Nelson

Decoration by Aretta Young

At last I stand upon your crest, grave Mount!
Feeling the pulsing, blue-gray atmosphere.
My soul is weird with inexplicable thrills
That strum attuning lyres of harmony,
And fill deep, sleeping chambers of the mind
With contemplation.

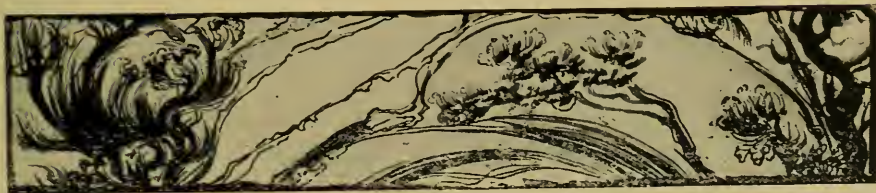
Unvisited:

My avid soul, enamored and athrill,
Long waited there below, this freighted hour,
This culminating reach of ecstasy,
To pierce the mystic veil that sheens your form
With tantalizing mists and witchery.

This the crest, against the sky sharp-etched,
That stirred the sense of beauty from afar.
These crags, the first to greet the new-born day,
And last to bid the sun adieu at eve:
These peaks, rare visited save by the clouds,
And fairy argosies of mists that here
Find haven for their precious loadings, and
Keep beauty-trysts with dawn and evening skies.
Here at this elevated habitat,
The twelve winds come to hold a rendezvous
Of loneliness. The storms, long kept in leash,
Break from the jailing sky in fierce tumult,
Hurling their mighty monitors of black
Against these unwavering battlements,
Only to rip their holds upon this reef
And leave torrential cargoes direlect.

Here upon this spine of molting shale,
Which at this moment towers beneath my feet,
Some prehistoric waves have lapped, and sung
The crooning lays of the maternal sea.
Deep down in cryptic apertures of stone,
In tiers on tiers of adamant and clay,
In dim and lonely sepulchres are laid,
The ages and the heritage of time.
And here upon this mound, the wearied years
Shall come to rest and find receptive urns.

And still these peaks shall stay to nest the dews—
Kisses of courting nights that are to come—
Receive the quivering shafts of cupid dawns,
Feel soft farewell caresses of the day;
And with the astral consorts of the night,
Stand calmly with high thronal majesty.





LOOKING OUT OF RUGGED AMERICAN FORK CANYON INTO FERTILE
UTAH VALLEY.



WINTER IN THE GREAT CIRQUE.

Photo by Cottam.



LOOKING UP AMERICAN FORK CANYON.

TIMPANOGOS

ON SUNSET PATHS

By Harrison R. Merrill.

Across the sunlit desert sky
Cloud caravans are trailing
While mystic on the mirror'd depths
Dark shadow-ships are sailing.

Above the silent, waiting reeds
Strange water-fowls are winging,
And clear, across the placid deep,
Weird sprites at eve are singing.

Beyond the distant, hazy hills
Where fairy forms are gleaming
My fancy rides on airy wings
While lake and sky are dreaming.

O, would that body, mind, and soul
Could like those fleets go sailing
Or like those caravans of clouds
On sunset paths go trailing.



End Word

The purpose of this little book is to celebrate Timpanogos. It is not a commercial advertisement of the scenic features of the mountain in the popular sense, but rather an effort to present by means of story, legend, poem and picture, the artistic beauty of this great recreational mecca. It is hoped that it will be welcomed as a souvenir by many hundreds of adventurers in beauty and lovers of the out-of-doors who annually feel the "lure of the summit" and make pilgrimages to one of Nature's shrines.

It is significant to note that nowhere else in all the world has there ever been conducted to the top of a mountain of 12,000 feet or more, a hike of the magnitude of that conducted in 1921 under the direction of Professor E. L. Roberts of the Brigham Young University. In 1912 he organized and conducted the first annual hike.

He has established in this annual hike, a community institution which will be a lasting monument to his name, and which will endear him to the hearts of all who love "the sweep of savage splendor," and the joy of partaking of its offerings of beauty in the fellowship of others. Associated with him have been other members of the B. Y. U. faculty and citizens of Utah County. Among the former should be mentioned the late Professor Smart, whose annual nature talks at what has come to be known as "Lecture Ledge," are tender memories of those who were fortunate enough to listen to them, and will always remain as one of the traditions of the mountain.

The immediate responsibility for the publication of the book has fallen to the Extension Division of the B. Y. U. but the work has been made a pleasure through the wholesome cooperation of many others among them the following: Miss Aretta Young, Professors E. L. Roberts, Fred Buss, E. H. Eastmond, H. R. Merrill, Alfred Osmond and Walter Cottam.

We acknowledge with appreciation the interest shown by the numerous contributors to the poetry contest; to the various firms and individuals who permitted us to use their photographs; to Mr. Ted Bushman for illustrating the Indian legend; and especially are we grateful to the judges of the poetry contest who gave so liberally of their time and energy in going over the numerous manuscripts submitted to them. The judges are Superintendent Adam S. Bennion, of the L. D. S. Church Schools; Professor N. Alvin Pedersen, of the Agricultural College of Utah; and Professor B. Roland Lewis of the University of Utah.

To Professor E. H. Eastmond, Professor B. F. Larsen and Miss Aretta Young of the B. Y. U. Art Department, who contributed the pictures for the prize awards in the poetry contest, heartfelt gratitude is extended.

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